his boss.... Maybe he would talk to them....

The black idiot barked that it didn't work that way.... He was gonna take him in..... He probably meant O.U.T.... He was gonna work him over.... He wanted to give him the old Cherry Beach treatment for faggots and other uncooperative white boys....

Finally the white cop relented.... The clouds parted.... Or was it the Red Sea? Let that faggot go, the white cop said....

Romeo said the right things.... Nothing.... It was about Warfarin Boy.... He'd run away to the CIRCUS.... To see that mother-fucking BOZO.... At least that's what he told the coppers after they caught him.... Joy-riding a hot supercycle down Thing Street.... At 2 A.M....

Johnny figured Warfarin Boy was jail bait....

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Porko lied about every fucking thing. Lied about taking the long way around the Thing Street thing store to avoid being seen by Johnny. Lied about hanging out at the laundromat with Romeo's Carlotta. Lied about arranging for his little rendezvous at Alpo-San's DOG HOUSE....

Johnny always stood in the doorway watching for him. Such a fucking sap. Porko knew it. He was plenty worth waiting for. He had THE LOOK.... Not that he intended to give Johnny more than a PEAK at his LOVELINESS....

He was really dolled up this time as he skulked around the corner dressed to kill. With a fetching psychopathic grin....

VIXEN FOXY WEASEL-THEATRE didn't fondly call him CHICK'N DUMPLIN' for nothing. With that pretty smirking face of his... Perky feminine nipples.... Hairy pits like bird-nests under the G.A.S.P. sleeves.... He was natural queer-bait.... With all the accessories.... Under an ever so slightly snug salmon-colored G.A.S.P. sports-shirt that perfectly accentuated his embonpoint....

The maroon corduroy sports-coat irritated his sensitive female paps.... He wanted to reach in and milk them to ease the pressure but he couldn't because he carried a heavy paratrooper's bag in one hand and a lit Marlborough in the other.... Winston's tasted really good like a smack smack ciggy should but the cute guys in the commercial smoked Marlboroughs when their tits got sore....

They should have castrated you at birth you piece of shit.... That brought him back to reality....

Johnny waved his hand....

Whadya mean by THAT.... Porko imitated Johnny's insouciant gesture....

By WHAT.... It was a typical Thing Street Dialogue of Fucks.... O, the stychomythia.... The crisp retort of coruscating fart counter-fart.... Like the greatest line in Johnny Dee's FUCKED FOR FUCK.... Their haughty bearing / showed that they were Q.U.E.E.N.S....

THIS.... Porko exaggerated Johnny's come-hither yuh-fucker finger-wave....

It means COME HERE (yuh fuck)....

Not when I'm carrying 40 pounds of LAUNDRY....

After all those snacks I brought over to your pad only last week.... The chips.... The coka-colas.....

Come here to talk to me....

You come into my Thing Store and spoil my sales and ruin my business any time you feel